

K. Melmoth (C.)

THE
NEW COSMETIC,
OR THE
TRIUMPH OF BEAUTY,
A COMEDY.

BY
C. MELMONT, Esq.

INSCRIBED TO
Mrs. HODGES.

LONDON:
Printed for the Author; and sold by Cadell in the Strand;
Egerton, Charing-Cross; Harlow, St. James's-Street;
Richardson, under the Royal Exchange; Bew, Paternoster-Row; and Trueman and Son, Exeter.

M.DCC.XC.

THE
NEW COSMETIC

ON THE
PRINCIPLES OF BEAUTY

A COSMETIC



MELMONT H. Esq.

INSCRIBED TO

Mrs. HODGE S.

LONDON:

Printed for the Author, and sold by Cadell, in the Strand;
Wells, in the Strand; and by the Royal Exchange, New, Patern,
and Trenchard and Son, Exeter.

M.DCCC.XC.

THE FOLLOWING

COMEDY,

IS

HUMBLY INSCRIBED

TO

MRS. HODGES

BY

HER MOST OBEDIENT

HUMBLE SERVANT

C. MELMONT.

London, May 24, 1790.

THE FOLLOWING

COMEDY

13

HUMBERT INSCRIBED

TO

Mrs. HOBBS

BY

EDDIE

W. H. VANT



C. WILMONT

London, May 14, 1892

DRAMA'S PERSONS

M. E. N.

Winstone, . . . Judge of the . . .
Winstone, . . .
Lover to Lord Winstone
Greville, . . .
Wyndham, . . .



Quaker, Governor and Clerk

Scout, an Indian of the West Indies

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

WINSTONE, . . Judge of the Island.
WHITMORE, . . a Planter.
LOVEMORE, . . Lover to Louisa Winstone
GREVILLE, . . a Petit Maitre.
WYNDHAM, . . an Officer.

W O M E N.

LOUISA, . . . Daughter to the Judge.
HANNAH Bananah, Cousin to Louisa.

QUACOU, QUASHY, and CESAR, . Slaves

SCENE, an Island in the West Indies.

THE
NEW COSMETIC,

OR

The Triumph of Beauty.

A C T I

Scene.

*A Planter's Estate on the Island, near a Mill,
and a Piece of Canes.*

Enter Whitmore and Lovemore.

WHITMORE.

SO my dear Charles, you are at length, after a
passage of five weeks, three days, and odd
hours, arrived in our little sun-burnt island?

LOVEMORE.

Nothing, I'll assure you Whitmore, would
have brought me on this side the Atlantic, but
my unconquerable passion for the adorable
Louisa Winstone.

B 2

WHIT.

4 THE NEW COSMETIC.

WHITMORE.

Miss Winstone, Sir, has been long the belle of this island, and has been the occasion, I already hear, of much envy among the ladies, and as much passion among the gentlemen. But could you obtain nothing more desirable at home, that you must needs neglect an Albion flower for a poor drooping Antigua blossom?

LOVEMORE.

Don't dishonour my Louisa by any odious comparison. Before she left England she carried the rose in her cheeks, the rainbow in her forehead, lightning in her eyes, with grace, innocence and elegance in her whole frame.

WHITMORE.

Hush, hush, man; don't be over extravagant; I grant Miss Winstone might have possessed all you say upon her first arrival here, but you do not know how soon every thing fades in this climate. For my own part, I cannot say much for her complexion.

LOVEMORE.

Her complexion Sir, I grant you, may be a little tanned, but I am sure her features ever must remain beautiful. My dear Whitmore I am impatient to see her; conduct me therefore to her father's wherever it is.

WHIT-

A COMEDY.

WHITMORE.

It is just by ; but I am so engaged with plantation business that I am afraid I shall hardly be able to spare a minute from the toils of the crop. However Sir, not to baulk so passionate a lover, I'll mount you on the best steed I have, and follow you like a true 'Squire on the best mule or jack ass on the whole estate. But pray, Sir, would you not chuse a draught of punch after your hot ride from town ? it is the custom here always to have the bowl in readiness. Here, Cesar, Cesar.

C E S A R,

Coming, Massah.

WHITMORE.

But pray, Sir, what impression do you receive from the scenes about you in this part of the world.

LOVEMORE.

Why truly I am at a loss to explain them ; but they are upon the whole very strange. As I journeyed through the different estates I heard as I thought nothing but the cracking and bouncing of fire works ; but was very soon convinced that the noise proceeded from the smacks of the whips, and the correction which is daily and hourly inflicted on the slaves.

B 3

WHIT.

6 THE NEW COSMETIC,

WHITMORE.

Indeed, Sir, I am sorry to say it, but we are obliged to put the whip to a slave as we do a match to powder, in order to get it to act at all. Cesar, I say Cesar!

C E S A R.

Coming, Massah! coming. *[yawning.]*

LOVEMORE.

How slow the fellow is. *[yawning.]*

WHITMORE.

Every thing, Sir, is slow in this climate, the horses are slow, the cattle slow, mules slow, in short a general sloth hangs upon every thing. Cesar! Cesar! Cesar! *[bawling hastily.]*

[Cesar yawns, rubs his eyes, and produces the bowl of punch.]

What, Sir, were you asleep? stupor hangs as naturally upon the dog, as mist upon the mountains. My service to you, Sir. *[Drinks, and hands it to Lovemore.]*

LOVEMORE.

Pleasant liquor in troth. *[Drinks again.]*

WHIT-

WHITMORE.

Aye don't drink too much of it though; for it may play the devil with you till you are better used to the climate. Here, Mr. Cesar, take it away, and saddle the young English horse for this gentleman, and my manager's mule for me. Do you hear?

CESAR.

Yes, Massah, me bring um up directly.

WHITMORE.

If possible do so, but I am afraid you will require another nap first. *[Exit Cesar.]*

LOVEMORE.

I should conceive it, Sir, a very laborious and painful employment to have the inspection of a gang of slaves; have there been no efforts made to raise them above their brutal state, and to inspire them with the sentiments of man?

WHITMORE.

Yes, Sir, there was one man mad enough to make the attempt; but it was very speedily found that as the slaves of his own estate improved in intellectual discernment, their corporeal faculties relaxed, so that the other gentlemen of the island by woeful experience very soon dropped their liberal sentiments, and hung the dead weight of ignorance again about them.

8 THE NEW COSMETIC,

LOVEMORE.

Ignorance undoubtedly is the true cause of slavery.

WHITMORE.

That is a truth, Sir, which we find verified every day; but pray, as you are so passionate an admirer of Miss Winstone, why did you not prevent her voyage to this part of the world?

LOVEMORE.

Why I was then Sir, but a minor, and though Miss Winstone favored my address, her father thought Jack Rattoon a better match for her, so brought her over to marry him against her consent.

WHITMORE.

Very true, Sir, I recollect the whole affair; she became on her arrival the adoration of the men in general, and very soon grew out of humour with Jack, whose face she compared to a large four-top; and whose head she declared was as soft as a rotten quaver.

LOVEMORE.

Pray, Sir, what are the distinguishing good qualities of the ladies of this part of the world.

WHITMORE.

Fidelity to their husbands, and tenderness to their children.

LOVEMORE.

The inhabitants too are in general remarked
for

for their hospitality to strangers, as well as their candour and openness to each other.

WHITMORE.

They are so, Sir, but these take their rise from the social principle of man's nature, and which the want of society creates. But here, I see Cesar has already prepared and saddled our cattle, therefore like a true Knight-Errant equip yourself at all points, to meet your beauteous Dulcinia?

LOVEMORE.

That I am already; what more would you have?

WHITMORE.

I will play this romantic youth a trick [*aside*, *aloud*] Why, Sir, though it may surprize you, it is a custom here, whenever any gentleman pays his first visit to the lady he loves, to go armed and defended with all the weapons and implements of chivalry.

LOVEMORE.

Certainly you jest?

WHITMORE.

No in faith it is an old custom, derived from the Spaniards, to whom you know these islands first belonged.

LOVEMORE.

Impossible!

WHIT-

20 THE NEW COSMETIC,

WHITMORE.

Nay but it is actually so, and unless you permit me to arm you like a Knight-Errant, you will not see Miss Winstone to-day.

LOVEMORE.

Why my dear Mr. Whitmore you'll make a fool of me.

WHITMORE.

A fool of you indeed; I'll put Minerva's own helmet on your head, and you shall then see if you don't look as wise as a judge. Here, Cesar, fetch my old helmet, with the shield and sword.

CESAR.

Yes, Massah.

LOVEMORE.

[*aside*

Certainly this man does not mean to expose me; what he says is very true; this island belonged to Spain, and it is probable that a tincture of chivalry might have been derived from that source; besides, he is a West Indian, and tells the truth.

WHITMORE.

First, Sir, let me gird on the sword; there,
there

A COMEDY.

there it is; now put the shield thus; and now
last of all, Cesar fetch me the spear.

C E S A R.

There, Massah, [*presenting the spear.*]

LOVEMORE.

Upon my word, Mr. Whitmore, if I had
known this was necessary, I would have brought
a compleat suit of armour with me from Eng-
land.

WHITMORE.

That would not have done so well perhaps;
now Sir look at yourself in the first glass you
come to, and see if you are not as warlike as
Jack the Giant-killer.

LOVEMORE.

I am obliged to you though, for making me
so.

WHITMORE.

You have nothing to do Sir, but to push your
spear against the first rival you meet on the road.

LOVEMORE.

Rivals Sir! I hope to God I shall not meet
any.

WHITMORE.

You will certainly meet a great many. Only
consider the beauty and accomplishments of the
lady. She is always surrounded by rivals Sir.

Pray

12 THE NEW COSMETIC,

Pray by what name do you chuse to be announced to her?

LOVEMORE.

By my own to be sure; James Jeremiah Lovemore, Esq.

WHITMORE.

Pugh, pugh, the name of Lovemore will be a disgrace to Knighthood; call yourself the Knight of the Dreadful Phiz.

LOVEMORE.

Aye any thing. Let us be off as fast as we can.

WHITMORE.

But harkee Mr. Knight, can you ride well? for if you cannot the horse will certainly throw you, as you must expect he'll start at the sight of a man in armour.

LOVEMORE.

Where then is the use of armour, if it exposes a man to new dangers; and as for my riding Sir, I am by no means secure in my saddle.

WHITMORE.

Why then there will be an end to your knight hood if you once come to the ground: but come Sir, our cattle are braying, and I long for some new achievement.

LOVEMORE.

Aye, I wish I don't break my neck.

[*Exeunt ambo.*
Scene

Scene II.

An Apartment in the House of Mr. Winstone.

Enter Louisa and Hannah.

LOUISA.

It is very true as you say. Hannah, what is the faith and the truth of artful men? Do you think I can have the assurance to hope that Mr. Love-more will renew his addresses, especially when he sees me turned as brown as a gipsy.

HANNAH.

Indeed Cousin Winstone, you deserve to be tanned, as a punishment for the coquettish airs you practised upon all the men at your first arrival: aye Cousin, who was then so cruel as yourself?

LOUISA.

It is cruel Miss Hannah in you to accuse me of being a coquet; but girls like you, who were never handsome or fair, take a pleasure in seeing every one reduced to their own standard.

HANNAH.

You may talk as you please Miss Winstone, when but last week, you know, Mr. Cogwil, a rich manager of this island, made love to me in your presence, what did you do then?

LOUISA.

What did I do then!

HANNAH.

HANNAH.

Aye, how did you look then? in truth you looked Miss, I can tell you, like a windmill stript of its fanes and not a breeze of wind to turn it round.

LOUISA.

It is better Madam to be without a breeze of wind than to require such cattle as Mr. Cogwil to set one in motion.

HANNAH.

I don't care for your repartees; you don't recollect I suppose how you used to dance with one, drop your fan for another, propose some foolish errand for a third, and in short ogle the red coats so much, that they no doubt contributed with the rays of the sun, to toast you into your present crisp and brown complexion.

LOUISA.

Pray cousin, when were your family, the family of the Bananahs, accounted wits, that you should at this day begin to play it off upon me?

HANNAH.

You need not, I can tell you, be so severe; for though I was never at Queen-square boarding school, as you have been, I have received as good an education as you, and that though I was never off the island.

LOUISA.

Pray let us have done scolding, and wait Mr. Lovemore's

Lovemore's arrival here, who is to be introduced to us by his acquaintance, Mr. Whitmore; he may, notwithstanding my charms are fled, find others more durable in my mind; these perhaps will be enough, and bring him to my feet, without the assistance of any others.

HANNAH.

I wish you may find it so, Miss Winstone, but I believe he will be the first man who ever fell at the feet of a plain woman.

LOUISA.

Nay, my dear Coz, did you not tell me Mr. Cogwil fell at your's?

HANNAH.

No, Miss, he did not fall at my feet.

LOUISA.

Though you were so handsome!

HANNAH.

Nay, Miss, if you persist in teasing, I will actually complain of it to your papa, for it isn't to be borne.

Enter old Winstone.

WINSTONE.

My dear girls take care of yourselves, for a man has been just seen on the borders of the estate,
clad

clad in a compleat suit of armour; he has frightened the slaves from their work, startled the mule that carried one of my overseers, and been the means of putting out the fellow's shoulder.

HANNAH.

Good gracious, Sir!

WINSTONE.

Good gracious indeed! it is to my thinking a most ungracious piece of business all together; for God's sake take care of yourselves.

LOUISA.

What can he want, Sir?

WINSTONE.

To take you both off, I suppose.

LOUISA.

Oh! I won't go with him, will you, cousin Hannah?

HANNAH.

Not I, go with a man in armour; no, no, a man in nankeen or Russia drab for me.

LOUISA.

Why don't you arm the negroes, Sir?

WINSTONE.

Here Quacou, Quashy!

Enter

Enter Quacou and Quashy.

WINSTONE.

Here both of you get my guns, load them to the mouth, fix on the bayonets, and come and keep guard at the door, for there is a great gigantic fellow coming to destroy us all.

QUACOU AND QUASHY.

Lud a mercy, Massah! [*exeunt ambo.*]

LOUISA.

Sir, the negroes will be afraid, and run away; you had better arm yourself, and take their place.

WINSTONE.

What you flut, expose your old father at his years, to have a spear in his guts. Oh! what a jade!

Enter the negroes armed.

WINSTONE.

Now stand fast, and as soon as you see a great white man, covered all over with steel plates and platters, present your bayonets thus,

LOUISA.

Sir they will not have courage.

WINSTONE.

They will I tell you; they have both attended me to the field when I commanded the red regiment, and served a campaign or two under me.

C

H A N-

HANNAH.

Oh ! then cousin, Heaven defend us from the Commander and his company.

LOUISA.

So say I ; I wish we could hide somewhere, if it was even with the cold meat in the larder.

QUACOU.

Maffah, Quashy afraid of his right hand, if he raise it against a white man.

WINSTONE.

One word for Quashy, and a hundred for yourself ; I see you black rascals you are frightened ; never mind his right hand, but run your bayonets through the white man's heart. See ! see ! he is coming ! now do your duty.

[Enter Lovemore with his spear presented, the negroes present their bayonets, sneak to the other end of the stage, throw them down, and run off.]

WINSTONE.

Oh ! the diabolical poltroons ?

LOVEMORE.

I see, Sir, you dread my hostile and warlike appearance.

WINSTONE.

I do in faith, dread Sir, most dreadfully.

LOVEMORE.

I perceive your fears, but pray dismiss them ; I come here in quest of an angelic fair one, and am
astonished

astonished to find myself opposed by a couple of black rivals.

WINSTONE.

Indeed, good Sir, I do not understand you, nor can I conceive your intention in frightening one of the islanders, and two harmless young ladies in his house.

LOVEMORE.

What a stupid old fellow; to be bred in the bowels of chivalry, and not know a man in the dress of a Knight.

LOUISA.

Are not you frightened, cousin Hannah?

HANNAH.

Oh! I am like a sensitive plant all over!

LOUISA.

He must certainly be mad! suppose we fall on our knees to him, cousin.

HANNAH.

Aye do, Louisa.

Enter Mr. Whitmore.

WHITMORE.

Ladies, your servant; Mr. Winstone your servant [*whispering Winstone*] hush! I have made a fool of this man.

WINSTONE.

Upon my soul so I thought.

LOUISA.

Only think, cousin, the man is a fool, ha! ha!

C 2

HAN-

HANNAH.

Aye good gracious, what a fool, ha! ha! ha!

LOVEMORE.

Which Sir, is the beautiful lady of this castle, tell me that I may fall down, express the ardour of my unabating passion, and pour out my whole soul in raptures at her feet.

WINSTONE.

Aye which of you, Louisa or Hannah, is the beautiful lady of this castle?

HANNAH.

Is it you, cousin Winstone?

LOUISA.

No; it is you, cousin Hannah. This, Sir, is the beautiful lady of this castle.

LOVEMORE.

I am sorry that it is, from my soul. [*aside.* *aloud.*] Oh! inform me which is Miss Winstone, that I may grow at her feet, and gaze my very sight away.

LOUISA.

As I live it is Mr. Lovemore's voice; support me, Heaven!

HANNAH.

Ha! ha! ha! Mr. Lovemore, and mad with love for my poor, tanned, sun-burnt cousin Winstone.

WHITMORE.

This, Sir Knight, is Miss Winstone.

WIN-

WINSTONE.

This, Sir, is my daughter; and I, Sir, am her father.

[Lovemore looks at Miss Winstone with attention, starts back, and fetches a deep sigh.]

WHITMORE.

What the Devil, Sir Knight, is the matter with you? you look as chop-fallen as Don Quixote when vanquished by the windmills.

HANNAH.

You have frightened the Knight, cousin Louisa.

WHITMORE.

Most surely, Madam, your beauty went through his heart like a slug.

LOVEMORE.

[aside.]
I see my mistake, am convinced of my folly, and so will be off again to Old England without delay.

WINSTONE.

The Knight seems to muse.

LOVEMORE.

[aside.]
Aye I've mused and mused upon the woman, till the Muses have led me quite astray.

WHITMORE.

Pray Sir Knight hold up your head: accost the ladies, or they will imagine you have lost both your tongue and your teeth, and that you cannot so much as mumble.

C:

LOVE.

22 THE NEW COSMETIC,

LOVEMORE.

Villain! dog! rascal! [*pushing his spear at Whitmore.*]

LOUISA.

I see the cause of this frolic and anger; my lost beauty is the only cause.

HANNAH.

You see, cousin Louisa, he has never fallen at your feet.

LOUISA.

Away, you most insipid of all Bananahs.

HANNAH.

Don't talk of my insipidity, cousin, for the Knight has found your's out without so much as tasting you.

WHITMORE.

Lookee, Mr. Winstone, the gentleman is in a calenture—a tropical fever, Sir.

WINSTONE.

I wish to my soul he was well out of my house: he will be for pinioning me next.

LOVEMORE.

[*aside.*]

This damned Creole has been making a dupe of me. There is not a woman in the island, I dare say, beautiful enough to authorize the rank of Knighthood. [*to Whitmore*] Here, Sir, take your armour again, [*flinging his sword, shield, and helmet in a passion at Whitmore*] put them on the next fool you meet, for I'll not be ass enough to wear the lion's skin any longer.

WHITMORE.

It is a pity that you flung it off, for by my soul it became you mightily.

WINSTONE.

I wish Sir, good Mr. Viper, you would shake your rattles somewhere else.

LOUISA.

Faithless Mr. Lovemore! am I the woman to whom you swore such unconquerable passion?

LOVEMORE.

Indeed, Madam, I cannot believe that you are.

LOUISA.

Blush, Sir, for your perfidy, your ill manners, and your folly.

LOVEMORE.

I do not know, Madam, whether I blush, but I can assure you I feel very foolish.

WHITMORE.

Upon my soul you do look very foolish indeed; here Quacou, gather up my armour, put it by, but don't attempt to scower it, do you hear? [*exit Quacou with the armour.*] Hercules it is said, Sir, has been known to lay his club at a woman's feet, but you have done more, for you have cast down your helmet, shield, and spear, all at once.

Lovemore, putting his arms akimbo, goes up to Whitmore.

Mr. Whitmore, Sir, damme Sir I cannot speak, I feel so cursed foolish!

[*all laugh ha! ha! ha!*]

WINSTONE.

I understand you, Sir, you would tell us that you came exprels from England to renew your addresses to Miss Winstone. But because she has had a fit of the ague and lost a little colour, you hang your ears like an ass, and crouch like a poor devil of a spaniel.

LOVEMORE.

That is the real cause indeed.

LOUISA.

Be under no further embarrassments Sir about me, your addresses were always disagreeable; and now you perfectly make me detest you: come along, cousin Hannah.

HANNAH.

Poor Cousin Winstone.

LOUISA.

Oh! Hannah, the cruel, cruel man. [*weeping*]
[*exeunt ambo.*]

WINSTONE.

You hear Sir, my daughter tells you, your addresses were always disagreeable.

WHITMORE.

Aye, Sir, hear it! listen!

LOVEMORE.

She told me another story, Sir, in England.

LOUISA.

LOUISA.

Sir, do you persist in insulting me?

WHITMORE.

Yes, Madam, he is as obstinate as a mule.

LOVEMORE.

Mr. Whitmore. Sir, your fun becomes offensive.

WHITMORE.

Then, Sir, it is of a piece with your love.

WINSTONE.

Indeed, Sir, you are rude beyond measure; why then if I must, I will tell you, Sir, I will not bear it.

LOVEMORE.

Nor, Sir, will I bear an insult from such an old Creole as you are.

WINSTONE.

Creole or not, Sir, I've the spirit of the devil.

LOVEMORE.

The devil, Sir, was always a coward; and you had a great deal of his spirit just now, when I appeared in armour, and frightened you out of your wits.

WINSTONE.

[*aside.* Aye that is true enough, I was a coward then I must own. [*aloud*] Perhaps, Sir, you are not acquainted that I am the first man in this country.

LOVE-

LOVEMORE.

Yes Sir, you are as great here as Gulliver was amongst the Lilluputians, because they are all less than yourself; but come over to Old England, the nursery of every thing good and great, and you will there, Mr. Winstone, be as small as the same Gulliver was at Broddnag.

WINSTONE.

I never was so talked to in my life, if a slave had said that, I would have stabbed him; I will go this minute, order the shell to be blown, and you Sir, to be hooted off the estate, as a most dangerous incendiary.

[Exit Winstone.]

WHITMORE.

Do you hear that?

LOVEMORE.

What then?

WHITMORE.

Why you won't stay to be hooted, will you?

LOVEMORE.

I am indeed a most precious fool; but this business will reform me quite.

WHITMORE.

I hope it will, for you have taken a vast deal of needless trouble; you did not find the red and white roses in her cheeks as you expected.

LOVE

LOVEMORE.

No, they were blasted all to nothing, and the poor girl herself looked like——

WHITMORE.

Like what?

LOVEMORE.

I won't tell you.

WHITMORE.

How could you be so credulous as to arm yourself at all points, but here comes Captain Greville and Mr. Wyndham.

Enter Greville and Wyndham.

WHITMORE.

Gentlemen your servant; you are come I suppose to take a slice of the old Judge's turtle, and a bottle or two of his claret.

GREVILLE.

We are indeed; I hope you will bear us company.

WHITMORE.

That we cannot do, for we are presently to be hooted off the estate; but pray give me leave to introduce you both to Mr. Lovemore, a friend of mine just arrived from England. Mr. Lovemore,
Mr. Wynd-

Mr. Wyndham and Captain Greville, they are both knights of valour and renown, and bred in the very bosom of chivalry.

WYNDHAM.

In conscience, Captain, he's at his jokes again.

GREVILLE.

He must in faith, for I was born in Ireland, and you Wyndham, we all know very well was laid by your mother in a piula pear bush, for the first week after her delivery in this island, for it was there you first learnt to daub your cheeks with a new kind of rouge.

LOVEMORE.

Pray, gentlemen, are there any remains of chivalry in this island?

WYNDHAM.

Chivalry! what is that?

LOVEMORE.

It is usual when a man makes love here the first time, to make a fool of himself.

GREVILLE.

God blefs me, I thought you knew it was a custom all over the world.

LOVEMORE.

Is it a practice here, I say, for a man to clap
a helmet

a helmet on his head, a shield on his arm, and to bear a spear in his right hand, when he goes to his mistress.

GREVILLE.

No to be sure, ha! ha! ha! you must be a Spaniard by the question.

LOVEMORE.

Not at all, Sir: but this man must be the Spaniard for making such a fool of me; and who do you think, Sir, it was to see but a girl as brown as a berry.

GREVILLE.

Ha! ha! ha!

WHITMORE.

Nay, Sir, that, Sir, was your own fault; for had I not seen your romantic inclination, I should'nt have duped you as I have done.

WYNDHAM.

Pray was Miss Winstone the lady?

WHITMORE.

Oh! yes, Sir, she was the lady, and he has just paid his vows at her feet, swore constancy on her hand, and is just going to get a vessel to transport her to Salamanca.

GREVILLE.

Transport her to Negroe-Land you mean. I,
I loved

30 THE NEW COSMETIC,

I loved the girl once, when she was white, but never thought of her after she became a Mulatto.

WYNDHAM.

In faith she lost a number of lovers in a little time, and myself among the number.

GREVILLE.

Yes, she may go and whistle now for her beauty; there is one good thing, it has broke her of her coquetry; she is in as bad a condition as a peacock stript of his plumes.

WHITMORE.

It is very true, and the greater the pity; for this poor gentleman has come quite across the Atlantic to see her.

GREVILLE.

In faith, Sir, it was bad policy.

LOVEMORE.

Indeed, Sir, it was; but I hope you are both men of too much honour to publish it about.

WYNDHAM.

Oh! Sir, you may depend upon our secrecy.

GREVILLE.

Harkee, Pinguin, we will not lose a joke from a squeamish regard to honour: we will tell it where ever we go.

WYND-

WYNDHAM.

And harkee, we must not lose the story of the armour.

WHITMORE.

No, tell it all, for if you don't I will for you; he has thrown the poor girl into tears and the helmet at my head.

LOVEMORE.

Come, Mr. Whitmore, let us be off.

GREVILLE.

No stay, Sir, you will find the old fellow's table more agreeable than his daughter: stay Sir till the evening, by which time you will be certain to have forgot the deluding joys of Venus in a goblet or two of foaming liquor; for my part I consider his house as an ordinary for the military gentlemen, and old Winstone merely as their landlord.

WYNDHAM.

I see things getting ready for dinner; let us retire to the ladies, Captain; where, harkee, we shall hear the whole jest out, and laugh at the lover till our very sides ach.

LOVEMORE.

I must request you, gentlemen, not to listen to the misrepresentation of Mr. Winstone, whose anger is excited from the imagined slight to his daughter.

GRE.

GREVILLE.

[aside.]
 You may depend upon us, Sir, indeed, that we
 will expose you to all the island before the sun sets.
[exeunt Greville and Wyndham.]

WHITMORE.

Hark, hark, I hear the shell, so let us be off.

[shell blows.]

LOVEMORE.

To hell if you please.

WHITMORE.

We are half way there, for we are in the tor-
 rid-zone already. *[Exeunt ambo.]*

Scene III.

Enter Louisa and Hannah.

HANNAH.

Surely you will not persist in your regard for a
 man who has openly insulted you before your face.

LOUISA.

Indeed, Hannah, be it as it will, I cannot help
 loving him; he must have loved me sincerely, or
 do you think he would have come across the wa-
 ter? I thought that he perfectly looked sublime in
 his armour.

HANNAH.

HANNAH.

It was a pretty instance of his sublimity, to insult my poor uncle as he did; indeed I think him a very silly fellow, cousin.

LOUISA.

You are a harsh judge; I would give the world to be able once more to bring him to me, though the attempt I'm afraid will be as fruitless as that of washing the blackamore white.

HANNAH.

I could put you in a way now cousin, if I chose it, to make a blackamore white.

LOUISA.

Indeed!

HANNAH.

Aye indeed!

LOUISA.

Pray teach it me.

HANNAH.

Teach it you! I thank you then for the confession, cousin Louisa.

LOUISA.

The confession, what confession?

HANNAH.

That you are a blackamore. [*bowing and laughing.*

D

LOUISA.

LOUISA.

This is monstrous, ill manners, what can you mean by this savage behaviour.

HANNAH.

To make you humble, cousin.

Greville enters and listens.

GREVILLE.

[aside.

The ladies seem at high words; I'll see if I can discover what they are at.

HANNAH.

Do not be angry, cousin Louisa, and I will actually put you in a way to recover your lost beauty.

LOUISA.

By what means pray?

HANNAH.

First tell me what return you will make me.

LOUISA.

Why first to endeavour to make you as beautiful as myself, and next to turn all the lovers that are tiresome to me, over to you; where they may vow, swear, and protest, as long as you chule.

HANNAH.

What ma'am, you would skim the cream of their affections,

affections, and give me the four milk; if that is your resolution you may hunt the secret out as you can.

LOUISA.

The secret! how should a girl who has spent all her days in this part of the world have any receipt for beauty? I am certain, Hannah, had you ever known this secret, you would have availed yourself of it long ago; but I am afraid that sweet face of your's most strongly contradicts what your tongue would pretend to discover.

HANNAH.

No reflections ma'am upon my face, for I am now determined you shall never benefit by it, and shall at last die an old maid, for your unkindness and incredulity.

LOUISA.

And you, cousin Hannah, like a million of old maids before you, carry the secret with you to the grave.

HANNAH.

Fie, cousin Winstone, is this your English education.

GREVILLE.

These ladies are certainly, by their fondness for secrets, female Free masons, and I long to hear the secret.

LOUISA.

An English education, Hannah, has taught me to subdue all prejudice and foolish credulity, and an English boarding-school has early initiated me into every art of adorning the person. I am also con-

vinced this secret of your's, had it been good for any thing, would have been made use of by _____ in Pall Mall, or Sangwine in the Strand, amongst their other tinctures and washes.

HANNAH.

Be as faithless, ma'am, as you please ; but as you doubt my secret, you may endeavour to guess it, and if you have courage to make the trial, improve, and benefit on this hint.

LOUISA.

May I never gain my complexion again if I have not found it out ; but it is a cruel, cruel remedy.

HANNAH.

Pride you know, Miss, feels no pain : had I been as vain as you, I might have tried it long ago.

LOUISA.

But show me, my dear Hannah, how the operation is performed, and I will run the risk of the smart ; I have heard it glanced at, but never accomplished.

HANNAH.

Oh ! it is very possible, very possible.

LOUISA.

And will it make me as rosy and as lilly-like as ever ?

HANNAH.

It is better than all the washes in the world.

LOUISA.

Oh ! then I shall not mind a little pain ; come along

along cousin Hannah, let us prepare it, for I will certainly try it before I sleep.

HANNAH.

[*aside.*

Conceited, vain girl! she has no idea of half the torture she must undergo; but I will endeavour to lay it on properly, and burn her to some purpose.

LOUISA.

Methinks I see the men already paying me a thousand new compliments: you look charmingly to day, cries one; you bloom like a new rose, cries another; you are like a perfect Venus rising out of the sea, says a third.

HANNAH.

While you, cousin Winstone, will be like a new tried piece of gold, finer for going thro' the fire.

LOUISA.

Oh! yes, quite a changed creature; you shall see then cousin how I'll treat the men in their turn.

HANNAH.

Aye I dare say you will give yourself as many airs as ever, [*aside*]; but there is one comfort, you will be well burnt for it. Here is the receipt, cousin, [*reads it*] Bury some cashoo nuts nine days under ground; take them up, and extract the oil, which mix with a little old rum, and lay it on the face with a feather, and the ninth day after the skin will come off in a mask.

LOUISA.

Oh! come along, come along Hannah.

D 3

HAN.

HANNAH.

Yes, cousin, you shall be burnt to some purpose.
[Exeunt ambo.]

Scene IV.

Enter Captain Greville.

GREVILLE.

Egad I have heard the secret, and have a good mind to try it myself; but it is very painful, and I unfortunately could never bear pain in my life: I cut my finger once, and the doctor only put a little Turlington to it, and the smart I recollect brought tears into my eyes; if I should try it now to improve my pretty face, and it should pain me, I should certainly caper about, roar aloud, and so blaze the secret all over the island; ho! ho! I'll call one of the black fellows, try it on him first, and if he endures it, I may then venture to try it upon myself: apropos, here one of them comes; here, Mr. Quacou, have you a parcel of cashoo seeds near at hand?

QUACOU.

Yes, Massah, I have some for the desert after dinner.

GREVILLE.

Will you go then and beat the oil out of them, and when you have extracted it, bring it to me in a phial.

QUACOU.

What you want it for, Massah?

GREVILLE.

To skin my face to be sure, to make me quite
 fair,

Fair, take the sun burn off, and make the women admire me.

QUACOU.

Does it make a negroe man white, Massah?

GREVILLE.

It does more; for it makes him so lovely, that the very white women will be glad to adopt him as a husband; but I will tell you it is kept a profound secret from all the blacks, lest they should become as white as ourselves, and so no longer continue in subjection to us.

QUACOU.

Oh Massah! Massah! Massah!

GREVILLE.

There's a secret for you: set them about skinning their faces, and in a little time they will shake off the yoke and fetters of servitude.

QUACOU.

Oh! Massah, me go get the oil directly. [Exit.]

GREVILLE.

Immediately, how easily I have duped the fellow. For the value of a black dog, I will put him in pickle at once, and if possible make him more like the devil than ever; he loves his liberty however, though old Winstone is in general a kind master, and feeds his house-negroes as well as himself: however if this feminine piece of business should get to the ears of the women, what will they say? Let them say what they will, I do not care, so they do but admire me: faith the experiment will do well, if as it

gives the black fellow the opportunity of shaking off his chains, it should enable me to lead fresh captives in mine—But here he comes already.

QUACOU.

Maffah—haste, Maffah, here is the oil.

GREVILLE.

You cannot make too much haste then to gain your liberty; sit down then, and make haste to redeem your freedom.

QUACOU.

He will burn, Maffah.

GREVILLE.

Quite the contrary—oil is a sovereign remedy against all inflammations; sit down, I say [*Quacou sits down*] Now while I rub it over your face you must shut your eyes, or you will suppose you see the devil about you—now for it—here it goes—you will find it cool your face amazingly; a little upon your nose to take the new rum and spirits of wine out; there now—how do you find yourself? [*Here the negroe man may wink with his eyes, and distort his face as much as he chuses.*]

QUACOU.

[*aside.*]

He burn too much, [*aloud*] ha! ha! ha! Maffah, try it yourself, he quite cool; sit down, Maffah, and let me cool you.

GREVILLE.

A very little of it then, [*sits down while the negroe man puts it on his face.*]

QUA-

QUACOU.

Now Maffah, how you like it yourself?

GREVILLE.

[*capering about.*]

Like it, you black rascal, why you have peppered and salted my face.

QUACOU.

Ha! ha! ha! how you like it, Maffah? he no quite cool?

GREVILLE.

How can you bear it, you dog?

QUACOU.

How can a negroe feel pain; we never feel when you beat us?

GREVILLE.

Zounds the very devil is pulling my nose off, and my skin burns like an infidels in the inquisition. Help, help, help, murder, hell and the devil.

[*Stamping.*]

Enter Winstone, Mr. Wyndham, and Doctor.

WINSTONE.

Which way is he?

GREVILLE.

There that's he, that black rascal is the devil, and is burning me up, [the negroe runs off.]

WYNDHAM.

How is this?

DOC-

THE NEW COSMETIC,

DOCTOR.

I see the gentleman is insane. He sees what does not exist. His disorder lies deep.

WYNDHAM.

You mistake, Sir, for it is merely on the surface.

GREVILLE.

Aye Sir, all over my face, nose, and eyes [*sneezing*].

WINSTONE.

Oh! doctor, a poultice immediately.

WYNDHAM.

A blister of blue-flies would be better.

GREVILLE.

Oh! I'm damned for ever. [*sneezing*].

WINSTONE.

What the devil have you been about? you puzzle the doctor himself.

GREVILLE.

I'm in torture! in agony.

DOCTOR.

I am glad of it; so much the better, the greater will be the cure—take the patient to bed.

WYNDHAM.

Fling a pail of cistern water over him.

DOCTOR.

Fire must expel fire, so hold a shaving dish of coals to his face.

WYND.

WYNDHAM.

Put him on the grid-iron at once, for I see what he has been about.

GREVILLE.

Oh! my face, my face, my dear face.

[*exiunt omnes.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

Scene. I.

A loud Laugh heard behind. An Apartment in the House of Mr. Whitmore.

Enter Lovemore and Whitmore.

LOVEMORE.

RIDICULE you see pursues me from one end of the island to the other; surely all the people who arrive at this period must think the island inhabited by owls.

WHITMORE.

True, there is such a hooting, I do not wonder at it: for my own part, I cannot help laughing as often as it comes across me.

LOVEMORE.

Why I have been long enough in the island to have furnished a new subject for diversion.

WHIT-

WHITMORE.

Very true ; but it is a rule here never to lose a good joke, ha ! ha ! ha !

LOVEMORE.

Ha ! ha ! ha ! [*mimicking him*] that is because there is such a scarcity of bon mots ; I attempted you saw to laugh at myself, but all my laughter made them ha ! ha ! ha ! as loud again as before.

WHITMORE.

True, true, to a proverb. I pity you indeed.

LOVEMORE.

Damn your pity ; if you presume to pity me— if you presume to pity me !

WHITMORE.

What, will you then be laughed at in preference ?

LOVEMORE.

Zounds no ; but you are welcome to beat out my brains.

WHITMORE.

There is no fun in that ; if I do that, you will make us no more jokes.

LOVEMORE.

So I see I am a buffoon to the whole island. [*aside.*
[*aloud*] What Sir, am I a pickled herring, a merry Andrew, a jack pudding, Sir ?

WHITMORE.

Oh ! yes Sir, you are a walking repository of
fun

fun for the whole island; a nostrum against the spleen; better than bark for the fever or the ague; indeed a punch himself could not have pleased us better.

LOVEMORE.

I see, Sir, the cause of all this affected risibility. The imagined flight put upon a West Indian female, has turned all the heads here both young and old into the soft texture of the calabash, and their hearts into the rattling nature of a tropical sand box.

WHITMORE.

No, Sir, they laugh from their souls, I believe; I do from mine, I must confess; even the Council and Assembly laughed at you.

LOVEMORE.

The Council and Assembly are fools. Let them laugh on.

WHITMORE

They have sent over too, a most diverting anecdote of it to the Parliament in England; now if you say they are fools, we will indict you for *Mag-natum Scandalum*.

LOVEMORE.

A pretty instance of their wisdom faith. This is more like the government of Lilliputians now than ever. I cannot see a woman without a mask, all ashamed to shew their faces.

WHITMORE.

Quite the reverse, the shame lies upon you. The
mask

mask is only a hint to you to hide yours; they indeed put it to theirs, as we put the fore-finger on the nose to a child, thus, when it does amiss. ah! ah!

LOVEMORE.

Aye, I know I was pointed at. But I shall leave you to yourselves; I am beset on all sides: one questions me concerning the lady's beauty, another admires my taste, and a third exclaims in wonder at my gallantry; and in short I am a Don Quixote, Sancha Pancha, and every thing they think that is mad and ridiculous. [*Exeunt ambo.*]

Scene II.

An Apartment in the House of Mr. Winstone.

Enter Miss Winstone, (totally changed from the Effects of the Cushoo-Nut) and Miss Bananab.

LOUISA.

Now, cousin Hannah, what will the impudent adventurer say now?

HANNAH.

Say? why he will not know you to be the same person.

LOUISA.

Oh! I am so lovely now, he would perfectly pine out his soul at my feet.

HANNAH.

But you would not let him, would you?

LOUISA.

LOUISA.

Not let him ! I am determined he shall die ; yes he shall die for it, I'll assure you, Hannah.

HANNAH.

That is the height of cruelty, cousin. But take care, for he is this very moment in fight with Mr. Whitmore ; they neither of them will know you, I dare say.

LOUISA.

Let him come, for I can now meet him with confidence ; alas ! he little knows how much my vanity has cost me.

HANNAH.

Nor any one else indeed. You perfectly danced a rigadon for the first hour after the oil was laid on.

LOUISA.

I actually felt as if my face was the prey of scorpions and centipedes or of musquitos.

HANNAH.

Yes, and how you began to abuse the man. Lord, Lord, I thought you would have died under the operation.

LOUISA.

But now it is over, how charmingly I feel ; who would not undergo a little pain to redeem lost beauty, or to give delight to the man we love ?

HANNAH.

You had love, and love enough ; for you may recollect you said you thought the very God of Love himself was running his sharp pointed arrows into
your

your face, which indeed he could not have done had he not blinded you before.

LOUISA.

Indeed it was the most comical, and at the same time the most painful sensation I ever felt.

HANNAH.

You were one moment laughing, the next crying, then stamping, and then sneezing, that upon my word I began to tremble for you myself.

LOUISA.

Verfes and sonnets, now Hannah, you shall see will fly from all quarters; one bard will praise my eye-brows, another my complexion, and all together join in chorus on the subject of my skill, fortitude, and resolution.

HANNAH.

Why may you not be satyrised and lampooned, instead of being praised and commended? why not nick-named and laughed at for your folly? and in short put in the class of those animals who actually cast their skins off.

LOUISA.

Why if I am classed in that rank, I will send the skin of my face to England, there to be deposited in the British-Museum, and preserved amongst the other curiosities of the place.

HANNAH.

It would have been a greater curiosity, cousin Winstone, to have seen you in pickle yourself, as well as the curious graft of the cushoo upon the body of the pine, ha! ha! ha!

LOUISA.

LOUISA.

How different we look now Hannah. You look just as I did, when the oil began to poison my face; you seem under the operation now, and not I. My stars! what a contrast! ha! ha! ha!

HANNAH.

By the sun and moon, Miss, your vanity is enough to turn your head: presume to shew me any more airs, or make any more odious comparisons, and I will very shortly render your face as yellow, as I now have made it fair.

LOUISA.

You understand the art Hannah, and have practised it too I believe in rendering your face all colours.

HANNAH.

Good gracious me!

LOUISA.

You are a witch Hannah.

HANNAH.

A witch, cousin Winstone?

LOUISA.

Yes, a witch, for making yourself so brown and me so fair.

HANNAH.

I will tell my uncle Winstone you call me a witch.

E

LOUISA.

LOUISA.

And I will tell him you poisoned my face, till my head and every feature grew as large as a bloated toad; not only that, but as he is Judge of this island, he shall bring you under the cognizance of that law, made against witchcraft, which will most certainly condemn you to be burnt.

HANNAH.

And you cousin Winstone, as the witches subject, every thing belonging to her, you know, should be consigned to the flames.

LOUISA.

In truth Hannah, I think it would be to the interest of us both to keep the secret as long as possible. However I must make haste to shew myself, and the astonishing transformation that has been wrought in me; so come along.

[*exeunt ambo.*]

Scene II.

An Apartment in the House of Mr. Whitmore.

Enter Whitmore and Lovemore.

WHITMORE.

Patience, patience, Mr. Lovemore.

LOVEMORE.

This is not a country to learn patience in. I am something like Orpheus, who was fool enough to go to hell to fetch back his wife Eurydice.

WHIT.

WHITMORE.

Aye, Euridice! Euridice! he cried, as you did
Miss Winstone.

LOVEMORE.

In one word, Mr. Whitmore, I begin to detest
this little damn'd spot more than ever.

WHITMORE.

You would not even now raffle for the lady I
suppose.

LOVEMORE.

No, by heaven! I see I must take consolation
with a black wench at last.

WHITMORE.

Poor fellow, I pity thee!

LOVEMORE.

Damn it you are always pitying me, though the
very first to expose me.

WHITMORE.

I sincerely pity thee, to think thou shouldst have
come all this way, in quest of an angel of light, yet
be obliged to take up with one who has so much
affinity to the devil.

LOVEMORE.

There it is. Now I suppose you will tell all the
Island.

WHITMORE.

To be sure, to be sure man: I would'nt lose a
joke for the world. ha! ha! ha!

LOVEMORE.

Jokes, one would think, were as scarce as drops of rain, and that the inhabitants stood with their mouths open, to catch and swallow them down. But what, Sir, has become of Miss Winstone all this while? She has been now ill near a fortnight I think.

WHITMORE.

Yes your cold armour struck such a damp to her soul, that she has been laid up with the ague ever since.

LOVEMORE.

Mum for that. I'll embark immediately. Your vermin in this part of the world are very fond of fresh English flesh; my legs are now blistered with the knats, my toes devoured by chiggers, a centipede stung my nose the other night, and while I was at dinner a few days since, just as I was about to taste a bit of the most delicious part of the turtle, behold, to the admiration of the company, a large cock roach flew pop into my mouth.

WHITMORE.

It must have been what we call a drummer in this part of the world.

LOVEMORE.

I don't know what it was, but it was the most nauseous morsel I ever tasted in my life.

WHITMORE.

You spit it up I suppose.

LOVE-

LOVEMORE.

Oh no! it followed the turtle down my throat.

WHITMORE.

Poor fellow, I pity thee!

LOVEMORE.

Damn it, you are always pitying me.

WHITMORE.

Because thou art always deserving it. I will then if you please accompany you to the water side, and pity you there for the last time.

LOVEMORE.

I wish I was well out at sea, with all my heart. I have already been drank into a fever, when I meant most to drink healths; and am indeed so apprehensive of a famine, that I wish to get back again as fast as I can.

WHITMORE.

Do not be afraid of that. I have an antidote against it.

LOVEMORE.

Pray tell me what it is?

WHITMORE.

It is daily practised by our negroes, and it is this—to bind the belly hard.

LOVEMORE.

To bind the belly! Why is it not a very savage custom?

WHIT-

WHITMORE.

To bind it externally I mean, with a handkerchief or band, thus. *[shewing him.]*

LOVEMORE.

But how does it compensate for the loss of food? It appears to me worse than the Russian bread, made of sawdust.

WHITMORE.

Why you see the sensation of pain, arising from hunger, is produced by the action of the two coats of the stomach acting upon each other; now the bandage confining the stomach, and preventing this action, of course takes away the pain. This therefore is one argument among many others to prove that digestion is performed by the action of the mastication of the stomach, and not by putrefaction as some physicians erroneously supposed.

LOVEMORE.

This indeed is natural, and obvious enough; but it certainly cannot support a man, as you would have me believe. I should be devilishly loth to be served in that manner.

WHITMORE.

It answers so well Sir, that a negroe, deprived of his usual food, and at the very moment without an ounce to support nature, will continue at his work for many hours.

LOVEMORE.

It is a rare custom indeed. I will publish it at my return to England, as a precious preservative
to

to all hungry poets, extravagant rakes, and proud beggars; but Sir, as you are about this, could'nt you teach your slaves to chew their cud at once; they are the only beasts of burthen that do not I believe,

WHITMORE.

That would be bad policy. It would be to open a second stomach when we could not answer the cravings of the first.

LOVEMORE.

Oh! I recolled the reason now of your putting the mouth-piece upon them; but in case that should not answer, and they should by chance flip any thing down the throat, egad you'd let it choak them by confining the stomach.

WHITMORE.

That is a reason founded in your own ingenuity.

LOVEMORE.

Oh! Mr. Whitmore, slavery is a damned thing. I was near flinging an overseer t'other day into a cauldron of hot liquor for flogging a slave beyond his deserts. Here comes Captain Wyndham, bringing laughter and ridicule along with him, I dare say.

Enter Wyndham.

WYNDHAM.

Gentlemen, your humble servant. What Mr. Lovemore musing again upon that dear fair one, the adorable Miss Winstone.

WHITMORE.

Wyndham thou seest things sacred and profane con-

spire against the poor fellow. Women ugly and handsome insult him to his face; spinsters and decayed matrons ridicule and laugh at him behind his back.

WYNDHAM.

Give thyself no further trouble, Lovemore; and as for Miss Winstone, if she pretends to laugh at you, believe me it is on the wrong side of her face; for she is now like a bird that had moulted its feathers away.

LOVEMORE.

I am rejoiced to my soul to hear it; any other woman at the point of death would have asked me pardon for the fruitless trouble she had given me.

WYNDHAM.

It is quite the reverse with her; for she did nothing but abuse you. I am told, and that you in fact run as much in her head, as she did once in your heart.

LOVEMORE.

As she has cast her feathers as you say, I am in hopes she will cast her bill likewise, and leave off speaking.

WYNDHAM.

I have just had a commission from old Winstone to bring you and our friend Whitmore to his estate to see a most precious piece of wax-work. This he reckons a great curiosity, and wishes you to view it before you return to England.

LOVEMORE.

Wax-work! why the sun is sufficient to melt it in this climate.

WHIT-

WHITMORE.

So I should think; and I wonder I never heard of it before. Old Winstone is the last man whom I should suppose a connoisseur; and so enlightened in natural history, that I am certain he would not know the shell of a turtle from that of a crab, if it was not that he generally had one or the other every day at his table.

WYNDHAM.

But come, let us proceed without delay. I am in hopes of seeing his beautiful daughter, and knowing whether her face is grown any browner than it was; indeed I am not sorry for it; for the sun which tanned her complexion has turned the best spirits of her disposition to vinegar. *Exeunt omnes*

Scene IV.

An Apartment in the House of Mr. Winstone, in which are placed different Figures in Wax-work; a Pedestal standing among the Figures, intended for Miss Winstone.

Enter old Winstone, his Daughter, and some Friends.

WINSTONE.

Now, now, my dear, we will revenge ourselves on this mad, unmannerly Englishman; now he shall see what he shall see; by the shades of our forefathers, and of those of Breslaw and Jonas, nothing will ever equal, ha! ha! ha!

LOUISA.

It will do charmingly if I can but keep from laughing. Oh! I long to make fools of the men, ha! ha! ha!

WIN-

WINSTONE.

That you shall do immediately: only keep to the pedestal, and as soon as he comes be as composed as death.

LOUISA.

I at this moment hear their feet; they are coming greedily on: Captain Wyndham swaggering and rattling his sword, Mr. Whitmore cracking his jokes, and poor deceived Mr. Lovemore led like an ass in an halter. There now I am as still as the sun upon a dial.

[leans upon the pedestal.]

Enter Captain Wyndham, Lovemore, and Whitmore.

WINSTONE.

Gentlemen, your humble servant. Mr. Lovemore, notwithstanding our late misunderstanding, I have invited you here to see these precious figures in wax-work; so that return when you will to England, you will be able to tell them old Winstone did not spend all his time in digging cane holes, or erecting windmills or whirligigs on his estate.

WYNDHAM.

Oh! Sir, quite the reverse. I have been just telling him you were one of the greatest philosophers of the age; and these figures convince me of it, for they are very fine, very fine indeed.

WHITMORE.

They are very fine, very fine indeed.

LOVEMORE.

But the statue of that lady, represented as leaning

ing upon the pedestal, is the most like the dear creature your daughter who won my heart in England.

WYNDHAM.

Upon my soul she is very handsome.

[looking at her with his glass.]

LOVEMORE.

I observe Sir, however, that there is a degree of strength in the lines of the face, and though the figure represents a person asleep, it is like one under the painful pressure and influence of the nightmare.

WINSTONE.

Just so Sir: my poor daughter could never sleep without it. Blooded continually; but indeed it was of little service, for her poor dear mother fell a victim to it herself.

WHITMORE.

Aye poor soul! you should tell Mr. Lovemore Sir, that the staggers and the night-mare are the prevailing complaints of this island.

LOVEMORE.

That I can well believe, as I have been staggered at every thing I have heard since my arrival. Oh! this divine creature Sir! she takes up all my attention.

WHITMORE.

So it seems. But pray who does this black figure represent?

WINSTONE.

That Sir represents the identical figure of a slave,
who

who having absconded and hid himself, was at length discovered, brought home, and severely flogged; but happening to die under the lash, was unfortunately, (for his expeditions to the woods,) somewhat too prematurely sent to the shades.

LOVEMORE.

Your anger then Sir, did not pursue him after death?

WINSTONE.

O God! Sir, no. He haunted my conscience for ever after; he appeared at night by my bed side, and in short troubled me so much, that in order to appease the fellow's ghost I erected this to his honour.

WHITMORE.

He was a revengeful fellow, though a damn'd good cooper, and came from Guinea. I knew him well.

WINSTONE.

Now the ghost of another country slave would not have troubled me, but have lain quiet enough.

LOVEMORE.

Heaven I see has revenged the old man's severity, and for a slave killed has returned him a daughter burned; for a black lost, a mulatto gained.

WYNDHAM.

It was well Sir, that as you cut short the thread of his mortality, you raised this bust to his fame and renown.

WINSTONE.

There was nothing for it but that; the group of
other

other figures you see, are pieces done from fancy, white, black, and yellow; but that which takes up Mr. Lovemore's attention is the principal one.

LOVEMORE.

Would you be so obliging as to permit me to touch this wax, for upon my soul the artificial vermillion of the lips looks so much like real, balmy, benign true blood, that I am almost tempted to kiss them. If I gaze longer, like the statuarist of old I shall forget myself, and fall in love with a piece of wax. I will! I must! thou sweetest piece of artificial nature! Ha!

Starting back as he goes to touch it, Miss Winstone oversees the pedestal, and falls back into the attitude of a fencer, with her fan in her right hand; Mr. Lovemore, after expressing much surprize, clasps his hands in rapture, the other gentlemen seem much surprized, and make a pause; old Winstone resting his chin upon a cudgel.

WHITMORE.

Why damme Captain, old Winstone deals with the devil.

WYNDHAM.

Yes, you know his conscience was haunted before.

WHITMORE.

He is now like a Persian worshipping the Sun.

WINSTONE.

Gentlemen, what is the matter?

WHITMORE.

How can you ask, when you surprize us so. Is the lady really Miss Winstone, or a piece of organized wax work.

WIN.

WINSTONE.

Go to her and see.

WHITMORE.

Not I faith.

WYNDHAM.

Nor I, for I have not faith. How these women love mischief; she wished to surprize me, I suppose, because I was a soldier.

[Winstone, his daughter, and the company burst into a fit of laughter.]

[To Lovemore] Well, Sir, how do you feel now?

LOVEMORE.

Oh! Sir, I cannot tell you. I begin to suspect the wax figures to be all impostors.

WHITMORE.

And so do I. We must take care what we say, and keep close together.

LOVEMORE.

I'm afraid old Winstone means to wreck his revenge upon me, and that the other figures are all bullies.

LOUISA.

Ha! ha! ha! you three sneaking, cowardly fellows, hold up your heads, and look upon me. You, Captain Wyndham, what do you mean by profaning this place, after making the unfortunate Miss Winstone the subject of your scandalous conversation and ridicule; do you come here with that brown face, and false heroic air of yours, to endeavour once more to subdue the creature you despised?

WHIT-

[WHITMORE.

It is her sure enough.

WINSTONE.

Well said, my dear : upbraid them to the purpose.

LOUISA.

You too, Mr. Whitmore, what do you do here, Sir ? Do you think, with that ugly face, any woman will ever adopt you even as her gallant ? are not you enough to frighten the God of Love, blunt his arrows, and be the very sport of all genuine passion ?

WINSTONE.

Charming girl ! how delightfully severe she is.

LOVEMORE.

[aside.

Now comes my turn,

LOUISA.

You last though not least, Mr. Lovemore.

LOVEMORE.

Aye so I said ; though last, not least in love I hope Madam.

LOUISA.

Last in love, and first in hate, Sir.

LOVEMORE.

Do not upbraid me, Madam ; for if I had any idea you could have been so metamorphosed, I vow and protest I would have taken more pains to have deserved your love.

LOUISA.

LOUISA.

Contemptible as the evasion is, I believe it; and the worst that shall befall you is to be most heartily laughed at.

LOVEMORE.

That I have been already, Madam. Could not you change the punishment to running the gauntlet? Regard me, Madam, as a poor, silly fellow, who came a great way on a wild goose chase, who knew no better, one of the fools of nature, and the slave of your sex.

LOUISA.

Therefore the best subject for its scorn.

WINSTONE.

Well done, my dear. How charmingly she retaliates. Why Mr. Lovemore, my daughter is severe upon you.

LOVEMORE.

Yes Sir, if you set her on.

WINSTONE.

In truth, Sir, I do; and had she not made amends for your ill manners by shooting you plump through the heart just now, I was determined to have run you through the body.

WHITMORE.

That, Sir, you may do yet, and I will be your second. Poor Lovemore, how I pity thee!

LOVEMORE.

Damn your pity! you are always pitying me!

WYND.

WYNDHAM.

For my part I expect to see all the other figures start into life. They are all black, white, and yellow, the natural children of old Winstone. How, pray Madam, was the miracle wrought in your countenance?

WHITMORE.

Tell us, Madam, that we may make ourselves as lovely as you could wish.

LOUISA.

Lovely, ha! ha! ha!

WINSTONE.

My daughter's method of regaining her complexion is kept a profound secret; but you and Captain Wyndham may regain your's by the assistance of steel filings, brown sand, scalding hot water, and a scowering brush.

WYNDHAM.

Why that will take the skin off!

WHITMORE.

The old gentleman will not tell us, Wyndham, for I see he means to monopolize the patent to himself.

LOVEMORE.

Yes, he is afraid of my carrying it to England before him; but it is of no consequence, as it has wrought so agreeable a change in this charming lady.

LOUISA.

Well said, Sir. In England you compared me

to

to alabaster; just now you thought me a piece of wax-work: but it is the way of all mankind, whatever they imagine us at first, they find us mere downright flesh and blood.

WYNDHAM.

[whispers Whitmore.]

Harkee! have you a mind to try old Winstone's receipt?

WHITMORE.

What scower my face? he laughed at as Love-more has been? oh! no, not for all the world.

WYNDHAM.

Shall we stay then till the patent comes out?

WHITMORE.

Oh! by all means. I would not scald my face for all the women in the Grand Signior's Seraglio.

WYNDHAM.

Shall we kneel down then and ask Miss Winstone's pardon for laughing at her; besides she is really so wonderfully mended, that my knees bend under me without hardly knowing the cause.

WHITMORE.

With all my heart; but we must do it genteely. So here goes.

[they both kneel.]

LOUISA.

Oh! this is rare, ha! ha! ha!

WHITMORE.

We do it because we know you love rarities.

LOUISA.

I wish Hannah was here, with all my heart; but she

the keeps out of the way because my triumph would make her heart ach.

WINSTONE.

Here is victory compleat—a victory too over these —. Come, my girl, let me embrace you.

LOVEMORE.

Why the father himself is in love with her.

WYNDHAM.

I wish I knew what she had done to herself to make us all such fools.

LOVEMORE.

It has succeeded most rarely. [*Miss Winstone accidentally drops her fan; they all strive to pick it up, but Lovemore succeeds, who politely hands it to her*] I Madam am the happy man.

LOUISA.

But a most unfortunate knight-errant.

WINSTONE.

They are all at loggerheads now to serve her. I have absolutely a great mind to skin my face; and marry the first beautiful young woman I meet; for the success has been wonderful.

WYNDHAM.

I was sorry to hear of your indisposition, Madam; but am now happy to find your beauty was all that while improving.

LOUISA.

Yes Sir, I am happy to find that my indisposition has so much improved your manners.

WYNDHAM.

Oh! Madam, it has improved us all.

[they all speak.]

LOVEMORE.

Miss Winstone was just as long in the attempt
as —

LOUISA.

As what, Sir?

WHITMORE.

As a grub would be turning into a butterfly, or
the soldier crab changing his shell.

LOUISA.

Odious! odious!

WINSTONE.

A devil of a comparifon.

WYNDHAM.

Ha! ha! ha!

LOVEMORE.

One would imagine, Sir, by your unpoetical
comparifon of the grub, you were imported here
from Grub-street; but sweet Madam be under no
uneasiness, for I will protect you from all such ver-
min.

WHITMORE.

You will want my armour again for that.

LOVEMORE.

[To Miss Winstone] Oh! Madam, how shall I
hide my confusion, or how exprefs the sentiments
of my returning passion for you? Can you forgive
me my past folly, and once more receive a faithful,
sincere

sincere penitent : in a word, Madam, do I owe the wonderful transmigration to your affection for me?

LOUISA.

Affection for you! ha! ha! ha! Are you such a simpleton to think so? You, Mr. Lovemore, are the last of men who share any part of my affections. *[angrily.]*

WHITMORE.

Affections indeed? ha! ha! Only hear him, Wyndham; he has the impudence to talk of affection. *[touches him on the elbow]* Harkee, Sir.

LOVEMORE.

[leaning his ear.]

What do you say?

WHITMORE.

I pity you most sincerely, upon my soul.

LOVEMORE.

Damn, damn your pity, Sir. *[stamping his feet.]*

WYNDHAM.

[aside to Whitmore.]

How wonderfully foolish he looks; upon my soul he is biting his nails; his eyes wink as if he was going to cry.

WHITMORE.

I do not wonder at it. A man never looks so foolish, never so much like a hang-dog, as when a pretty woman refuses his suit.

WYNDHAM.

Aye, my dear Sir, I know it by experience. It

70 THE NEW COSMETIC,

is to a red-coat worse than a battle-ax, bayonets, or scalping knives.

LOVEMORE.

The whole island you know, Madam, has rung with my unfortunate, my incurable passion.

LOUISA.

And the whole island Sir, are determined to make you ring with theirs; for they hold the virtue and the happiness of their families in this part of the world in such high esteem, that they would not suffer either to be trampled up by any mortal upon earth, though more than Briton born.

WHITMORE.

[puts his hands akimbo.]

No that we will not suffer either to be trampled upon. Will we, Wyndham?

WYNDHAM.

No upon my word.

LOVEMORE.

So it appears by the jokes they have cracked upon me.

WINSTONE.

The jokes are only a prelude Sir to something more serious; as gentle currents of air spread small fires into extensive conflagrations.

LOVEMORE.

You do not mean to burn me, Sir. The women could not strike with their eyes, so they are determined to put me into an actual furnace at last.

WIN-

WINSTONE.

Why don't you make the insulted lady some apology.

LOVEMORE.

Apology! I might tell her indeed that I am sorry, sorry, very sorry, sorry, and so on.

WHITMORE.

[taking him off,

You are sorry and sorry, and very sorry. That's like a great booby of a school-boy, who cannot be otherwise after a severe beating.

LOVEMORE.

Vile reptile protect yourself *[making a lounge at him with his sword, in consequence of which Whitmore, by endeavouring to hide behind one of the figures, knocks it over and breaks it to pieces.*

WINSTONE.

Murder! my image! my image! death! Mr. Whitmore, what do you mean? I wish you were laid at the bottom of the sea, and your friend there packed off the island.

WHITMORE.

[taking off Lovemore,

Sir, I protest I am sorry, sorry, and very sorry.

WINSTONE.

Damn your compassion; for it spares neither things animate or inanimate. I will have a dozen of field negroes for this.

WHITMORE.

They shall be lazy ones then, and as incapable of servitude as your image.

FA

LOVE.

LOVEMORE.

I say, Mr. Winstone.

WINSTONE.

Damn your remonstrances, Sir: see what you've done.

LOVEMORE.

[to Miss Winstone.]

Oh! Madam, whatever my past conduct has been, accept my repentant vows; your changed features are sufficient to warm the heart of an hermit; and these, added to Miss Winstone's now durable good qualities, will ever enslave the heart of her poor, unhappy, unfortunate Lovemore.

[kneeling.]

LOUISA.

[aside.]

Lie still my heart, and teach me to repay his scorn.

WINSTONE.

My poor image.

WYNDHAM.

Will not you raise him up, Madam?

LOUISA.

Not I Sir; it is too much trouble; in this part of the world we require assistance, and take care to let others shift for themselves.

LOVEMORE.

[still kneeling.]

Will you permit me to return Madam, without one kind, one tender look. *[she turns from him with contempt. Lovemore rises.]* I see there is nothing to be done: why this then finally fixes my resolution of

of going back to England. What a figure I shall make when I land at Dover or Deal.

WHITMORE.

Aye just like a stripped smuggler for all the world.

LOVEMORE.

I boasted to some brother collegians that I was going to Colchis in quest of the golden fleece; compared myself to Jason and the lady to Medea; but I will verily go back to my old musty college, take a degree, forget the ladies entirely, and console myself the remainder of my days, with black strap and philosophy.

WHITMORE.

The joke though will attend you all the way; it will not lose sight of you depend upon it.

LOUISA.

What, Mr. Lovemore, excites your vanity on the present occasion, may more probably be attributed to my own. Is it not the pleasure of our sex to lead yours in chains? and do not we wish for beauty more to make us generally admired, than to drag one dull, stupid help-mate along all one's life?

WHITMORE.

Certainly, Madam. You see, Lovemore, Miss Winstone is a public spirited lady; she did not put herself to pain only for you, but that Wyndham and myself also might be among the number of her admirers.

LOUISA.

[to Mr. Winstone.]

The gentlemen however are not yet sufficiently informed

informed on this subject of transmigration. If you please Sir, introduce the effeminate Mr. Greville, for he poor man has met with such an accident, ha! ha! ha!

LOVEMORE.

He has been scowering his face I dare say.

WINSTONE.

Aye till he has made it shine again.
Wyndham and Whitmore both laugh and ask to see him.

LOUISA.

Do Sir fetch him to the gentlemen.
[*Exit Winstone, and enters with Mr. Greville, who has his face blotched by the effects of the cushion.*]

WINSTONE.

I had difficult work to bring him. He was very stubborn.

GREVILLE.

I know Sir you brought me here to be laughed at, and I deserve it.

WYNDHAM.

What hast thou been doing with that sweet pretty face of thine?

LOUISA.

Ha! ha! Harlequin touched it with his wand, and turned it to the stripes of his jacket.

WYNDHAM.

It's like a carrion crow hung upon a barn door, and bleached with the beams of the sun.

LOVE-

LOVEMORE.

Or like the last remaining dregs in the crucible
of some old chymist.

WINSTONE.

In short gentlemen, the devil put his fingers on
his face, and scratched it to this fashion. Now you
shall see the devil himself.

[Exit Winstone.]

LOVEMORE.

Fie, fie, Mr. Greville, how can you help it?

GREVILLE.

It is a misfortune gentlemen, and it's cruel to
laugh at me.

The scrubbing brush and steel filings have taken
all the skin off his face.

*[Enter Winstone, with Quacau in the same unfortu-
nate condition.]*

WHITMORE.

Here is the devil indeed!

WYNDHAM.

He looks as if he had run into the woods of
America, and all the monkeys and baboons there
had scratched him into a leprosy.

LOVEMORE.

As for Mr. Greville, I cannot help regretting
that a person of your taste and refinement should
have been born in this climate; as in the land from
whence I came, instead of a cushoo-nut, a man,
by

by the assistance of a little brown paint mixed with a portion of vermillion, would have made himself every thing charming and fashionable.

GREVILLE.

What a pity, what a pity it is I did not know it before.

WHITMORE.

[taking off Lovemore.

Mr. Lovemore, Greville is sorry, sorry, very sorry, sorry, and so on. It is impossible he should ever make his fortune now in the way of wedlock, unless the widow of some fellow who shewed wild beasts should think fit to marry him, expose him as one of the pole-cat kind for money, and take his face by way of dower or pin money.

WYNDHAM.

[to Miss Winstone.

What has your cousin Hannah too, Madam, been scowering? has she been improving her beauty?

LOUISA.

Oh! yes poor girl, she has been trying, but all to very little purpose: the sun burn and yellow jaundice together has sunk so very deep into her face, that nothing under the surgeon's knife could ever possibly eradicate them thence.

WHITMORE.

What a desperate case.

LOVEMORE.

You have a new subject for pity then, Whitmore.

WHITMORE.

But not so good as the old; no you are the best subject for pity I ever saw under the sun.

WYNDHAM.

He wants to change the fool's cap and bell from
his

his own head to that of the poor lady's; that is not like a true knight-errant I must say.

WHITMORE.

Aye that is cowardly and pitiful to a degree.

LOUISA.

But Mr. Lovemore, what if I should lose my complexion again?

LOVEMORE.

Why then you must repeat the experiment again.

WHITMORE.

Yes and have another suit of armour, and another 'Squire like myself to help him out.

WINSTONE.

Mr. Lovemore, my resentment is past; my knowledge of your family, fortune, and connections, teach me to pardon the follies of an understanding crouded with romance. In mere compliment to a heart regulated by the greatest philanthropy and benevolence, my daughter is your's, I give her to you.

WHITMORE.

With your estate, Sir, in fee simple I presume.

WINSTONE.

Hold your tongue, Sir; what right have you to presume.

LOVEMORE.

Now Whitmore here is an end to your pity.

WHITMORE.

An encrease you mean. I pity thee more than ever. Mr. Greville with his blotched face, the black fellow with his, Miss Winstone, who was some time ago on the rack, are not so much to be pitied.

pitied. Come along Wyndham, he is no longer fit for us, he is going to be married.

WYNDHAM.

Oh! I pity him then from my very soul; harkee [*aside*] if he has not his face skinned depend upon it he will have it scratched before the year is at an end.

WINSTONE. [*to Quacou.*

Get you gone, and tell the driver to lay you on nine and thirty lashes.

QUACOU.

Lud a mercy, Massab. [*exit Quacou.*

LOVEMORE.

I am doomed to more torture and ridicule, Madam, than either of these men. Have you, Madam, forgot the hours of mutual endearments spent between us in England? is there no hope? or has this inhospitable climate blasted all remembrance, all tender recollection of my former attachment.

LOUISA. [*aside.*

Pride, thou just and noble support of my sex's dignity, leave me not at last, but still assist and bear me through this hour of trial!

WINSTONE.

Forgive him, my dear; and let him see that though we are in this part of the world subject to sudden and violent fits of anger, yet we are as incapable of bearing malice as we are of bearing wrongs.

WHITMORE.

Now, now she is going to make a speech, hush.

LOUISA.

Sir, there was a time I must own when my heart gloried

gloried in the affections of Mr. Lovemore; and though I was by the commands of my father torn from his vows to a country where I were often, and constantly made me yet out of compassion for him I refused both my hand and heart to those that requested them: such were once my sentiments towards you; but now insulted, rejected, what shall I say to your importunities?

WHITMORE.

That he must cross the seas twice every year for half a dozen years to come, before you will even let him kiss your hand.

WINSTONE.

Nay then without further delay, I will give it him. [*gives his daughter's hand to Lovemore, who kneels and kisses it.*]

LOVEMORE.

This is more than I deserve; my heart overflows with gratitude.

LOUISA.

Know then, Mr. Lovemore, since my father has e'en given me to your love, that I was endued with fortitude enough to stand against all the shocks of ridicule and derision which were thrown out at my lost beauty; yet the tender recollection of my first attachment revived all the latent sparks of passion in my breast, and has been the occasion of the surprising change you see.

LOVEMORE.

Transporting change! No more Miss Winstone, but my own dear, long lost maid.

WYNDHAM.

Harkee, friend, the cock has found an unexpected

80 THE NEW COSMETIC,

pected pearl upon the dunghill, and is now beginning to crow. [*here Captain Wyndham imitates the crowing of a cock.*]

WINSTONE.

Upon my soul my pretty chick has turned the Captain into a cock, and set him a crowing.

LOVEMORE.

He means Sir, I suppose, to make me run away.

WINSTONE.

Yes as the lion did before you.

WHITMORE.

Yes he frightened the dam, and now he means to terrify the cub.

WYNDHAM.

Her acceptance of him at last surprized me I assure you not a little; for I expected her to have sent him back to England with a box on the ear.

WHITMORE.

It's a pity she did not, ha! ha! ha! Lovemore adieu! We pity thee, my dear boy. Let us know when you give a dinner, and we will pity thee for the last time. [*exeunt Wyndham and Whitmore.*]

LOUISA.

Rakish reprobates!

WINSTONE.

I am happy, Mr. Lovemore, to find you join the two extremes, wildness and connubial love. May you be as happy as you deserve. Retire with me for the present; A marriage settlement shall be drawn agreeable to your wish, and every thing so disposed as to give you mutual and lasting satisfaction.

4 AP 54

F I N I S.

